

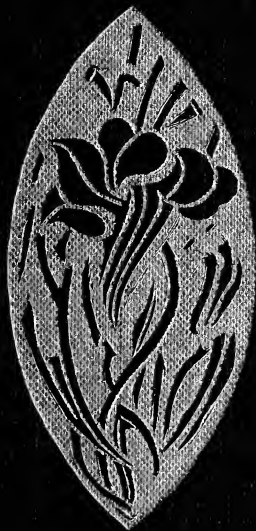
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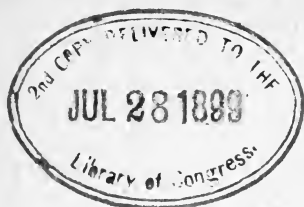
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SONGS FROM  
APPLEDORE  
BY OSCAR LAIGHTON



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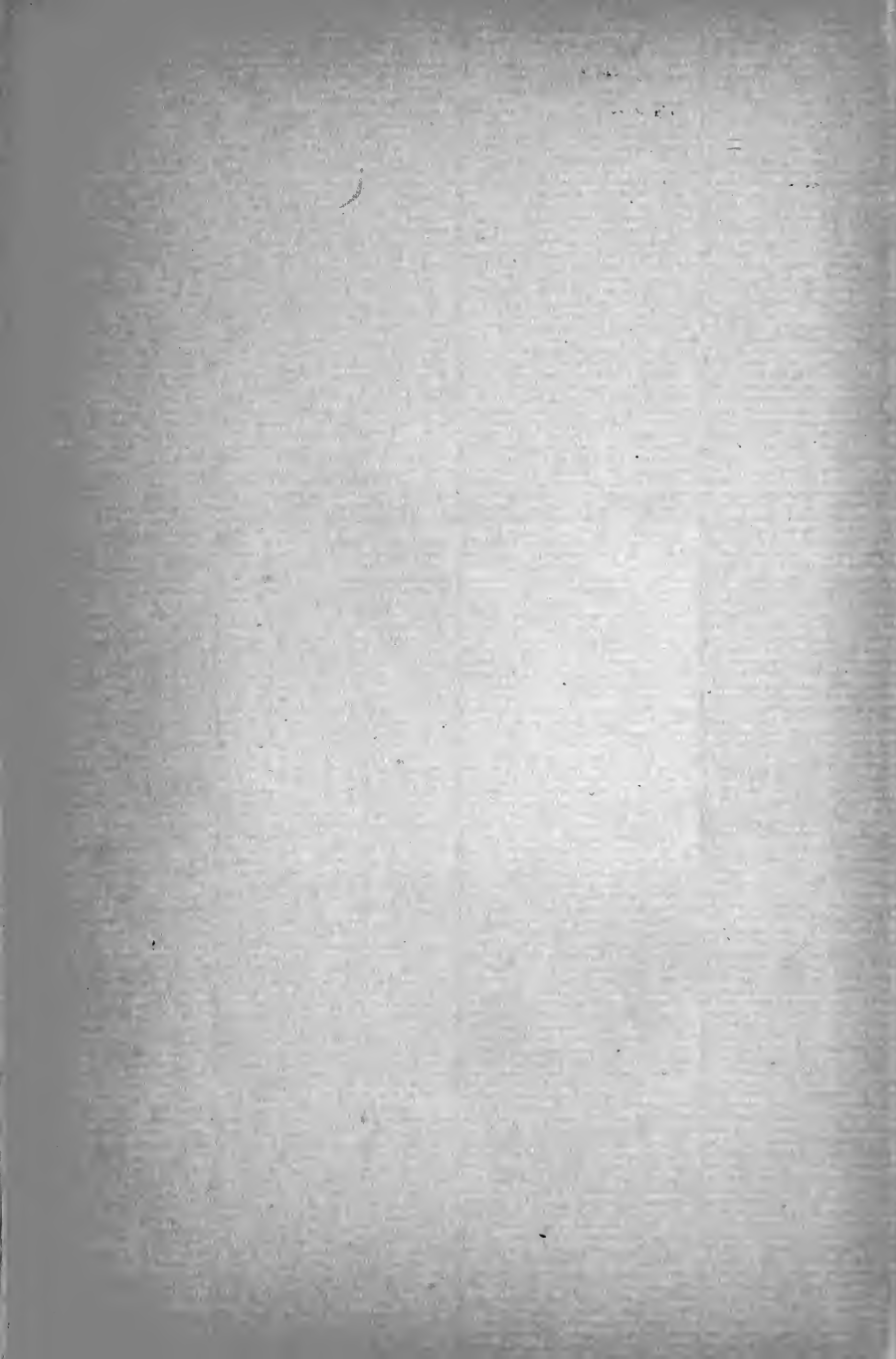
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VIEW FROM MRS. THAXTER'S GARDEN GATE

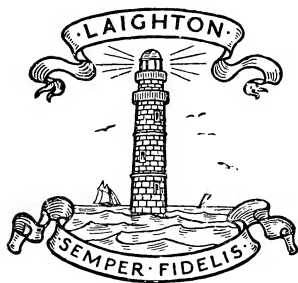


# SONGS FROM APPLEDORE

BY

OSCAR LAIGHTON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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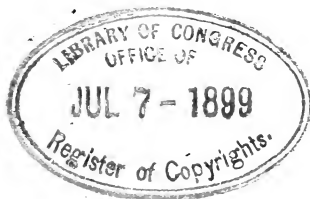
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June 24, '99.

P R E F A C E

SINCE sleep sails far away when the heart is full of such sweet longing, I will venture to write you, dear, while the dew is yet falling and only the first rays of the dawn dare look with rosy light in your sacred window.

The Islands are still sleeping in the embrace of the quiet Ocean, though the glory of the uprushing Sun begins to gild the eastern cliffs of Appledore with ineffable splendor, and paint the sea and sky in ever changing shades of celestial color!

Oh, the radiant happiness that comes with the advancing day! Wild roses fill the enchanted air with delicate fragrance, and the sparrows sing as if they had but one moment in which to crowd the whole rapture of the morning!

Here, where the sea encircles the wave-

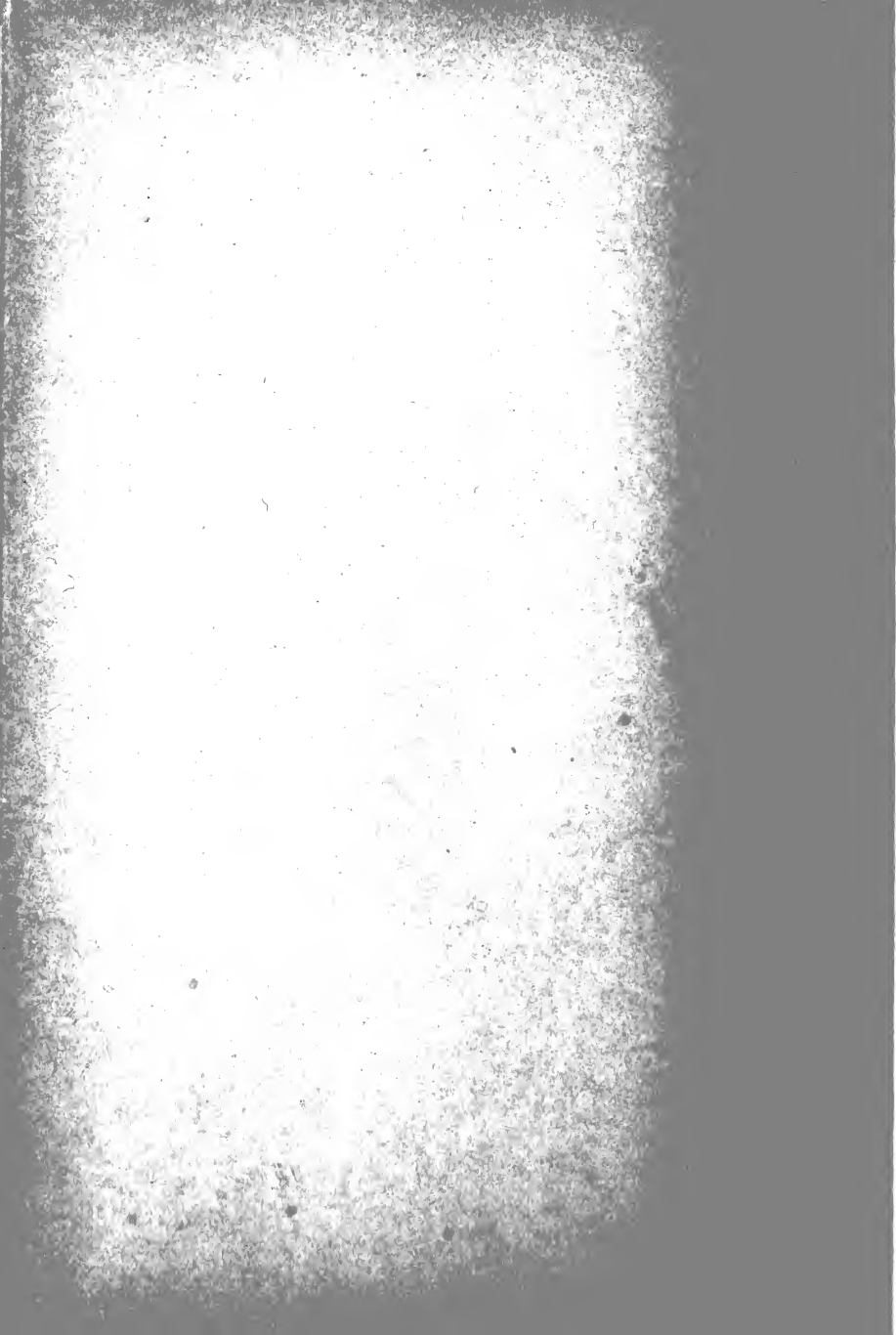
## PREFACE

washed shore like a caressing hand, and the murmur of the water reaches me with almost the sweetness of your dear voice, I will tell you how much I love you.



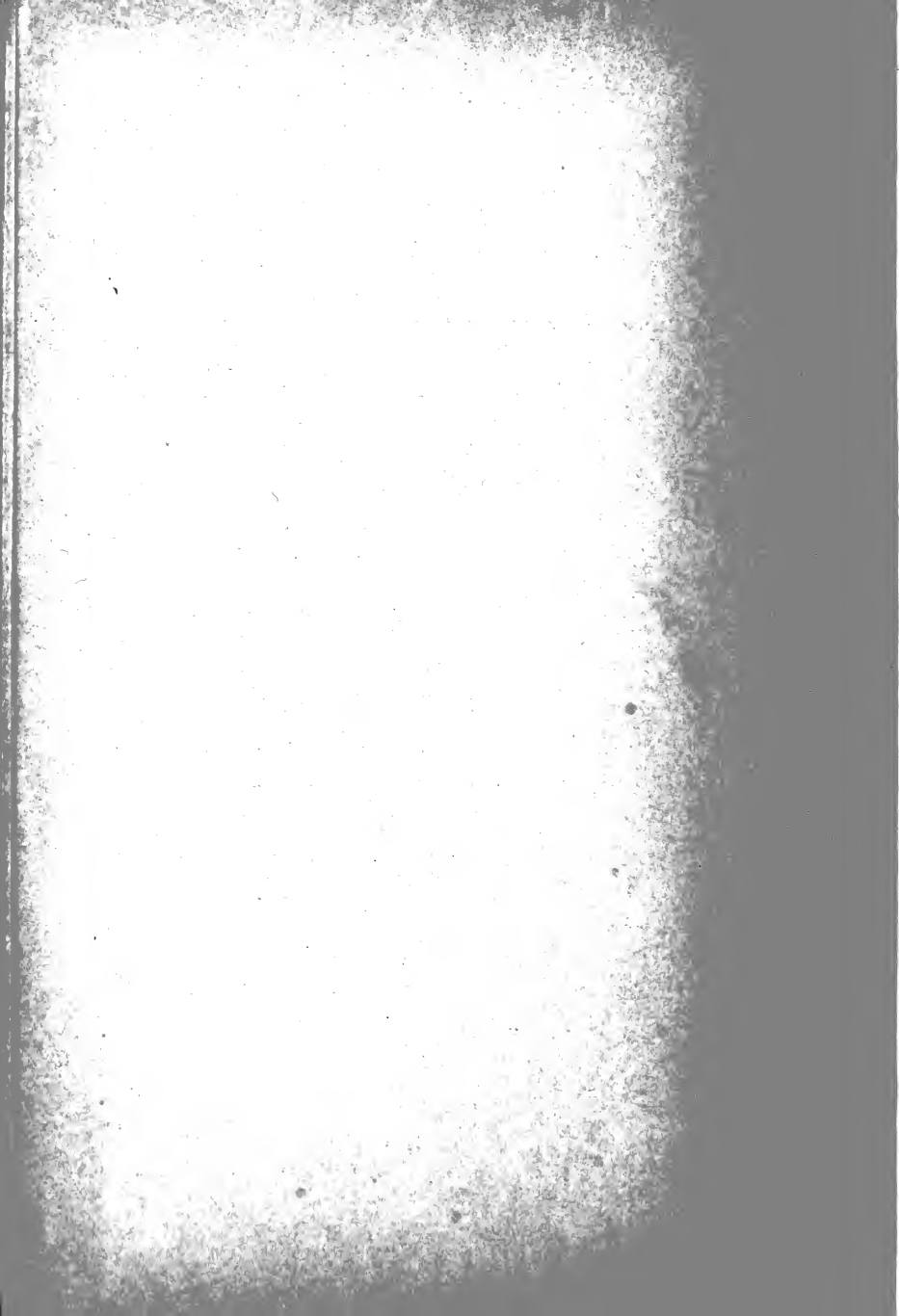
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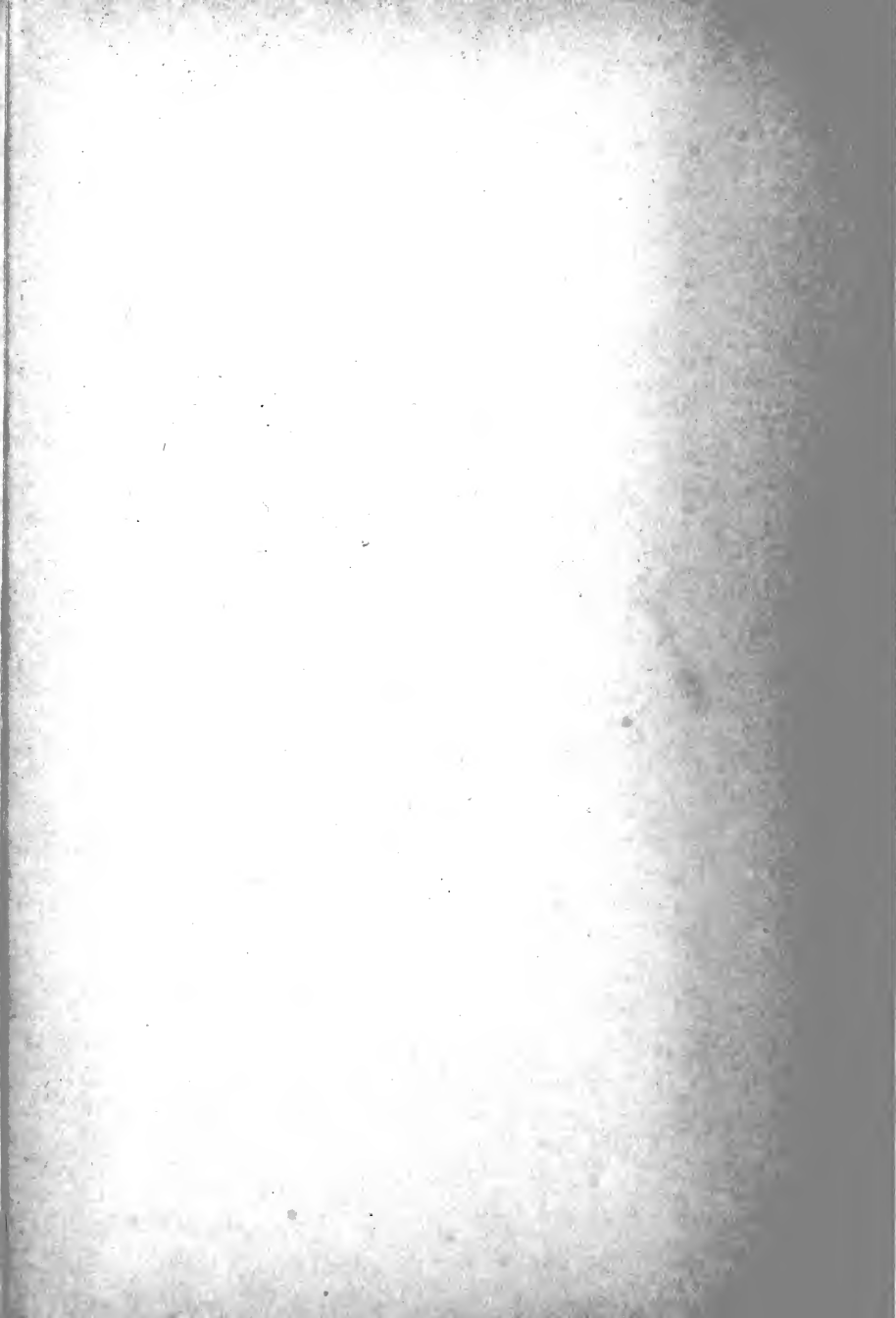


## SONG

AWAKE ! the morning greets the world  
With radiant sunshine on the deep !  
While ships go by with sails unfurled  
Are thy dear eyes still closed in sleep ?

Listen, Sweetheart, I love thee dear,  
Behold this magic of the dawn !  
O, life is sweet when thou art near,  
My day grows dark when thou art gone.

Come thou with me, my morning Star !  
These rays that on thy window shine  
Carry my trembling hope afar  
Some day, my Sweet, to call thee mine.





ROCKS AT APPLEDORE



## SONG

SWEET wind that blows o'er sunny Isles  
The softness of the sea,  
Blow thou across these moving miles  
News of my love to me.

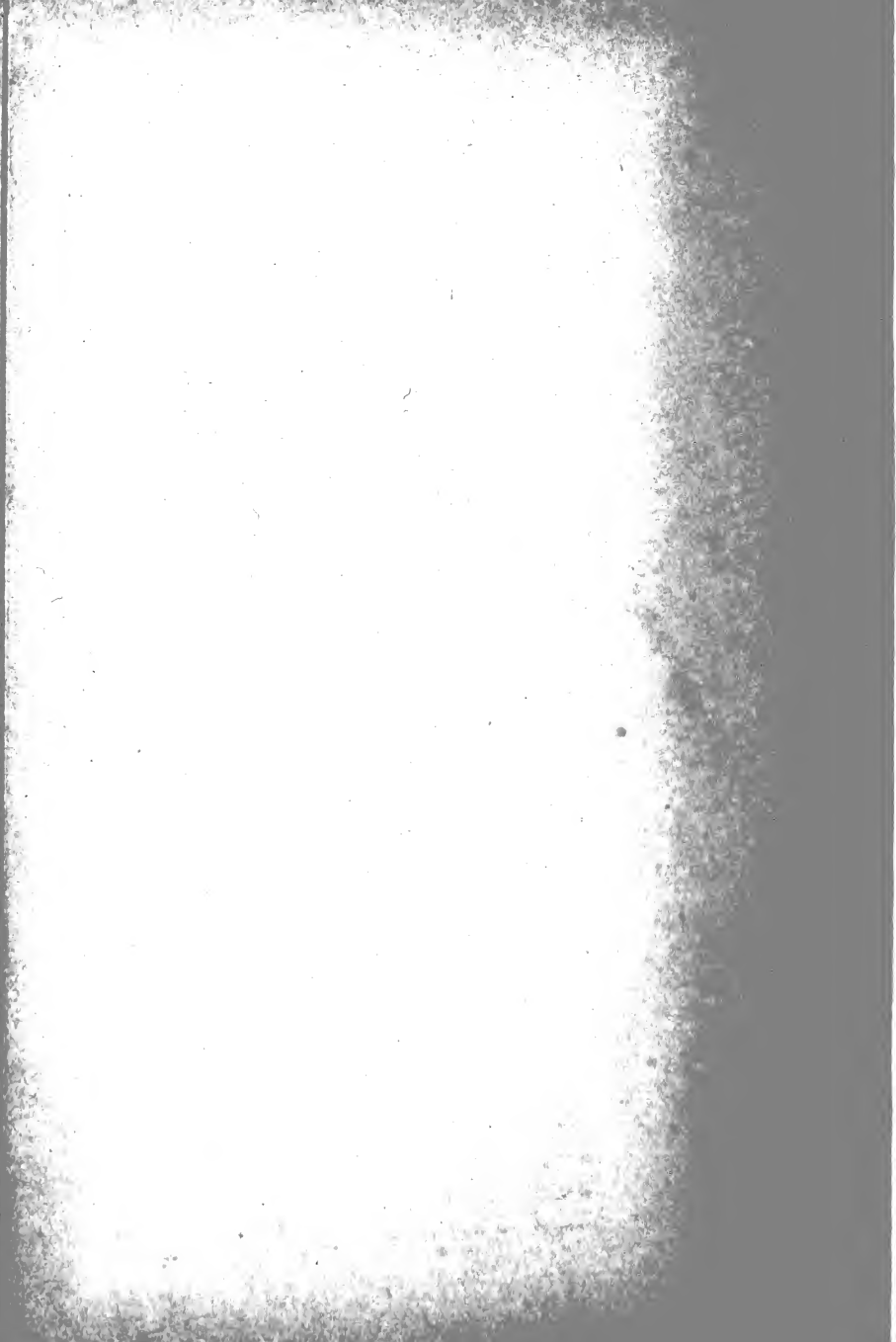
Ripples her hair like waves that sweep  
About this pleasant shore ;  
Her eyes are bluer than the deep  
Round rocky Appledore.

Her sweet breast shames the scattered spray  
Soft kissed by early light :  
I dream she is the dawn of day  
That lifts me out of night !





STAR ISLAND AND THE "OCEANIC" FROM APPLIEDORE





## SONG

WARM blows the south wind over Appledore!

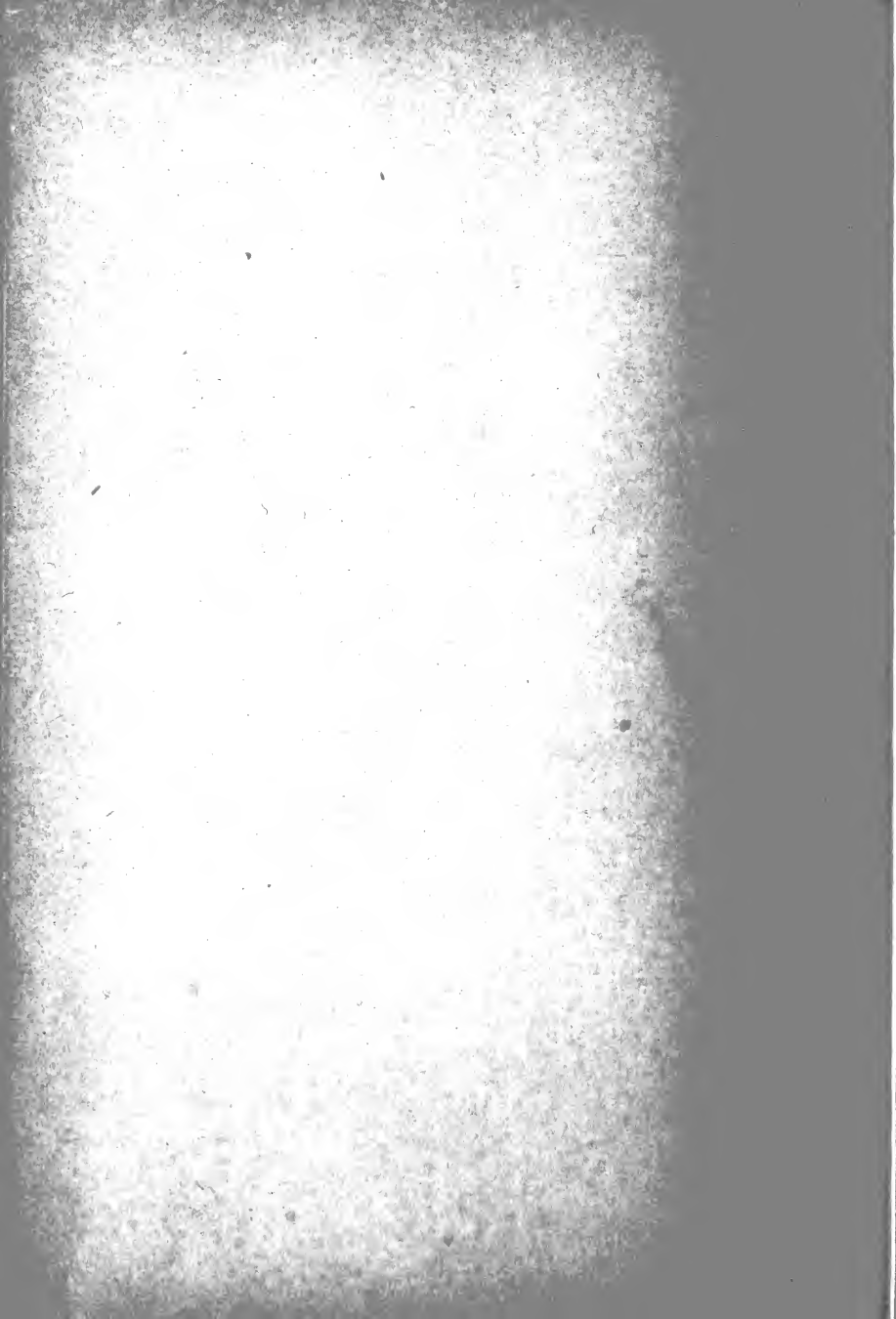
The northern gales that whirled the  
winter main  
In leagues of foam, rage round these Isles  
no more ;  
Through melting haze summer drifts  
north again.

And thou art here — O, radiant is the day !  
The clover blooms, our lonely Isles grow  
fair,  
Soft sunshine falls across the slumbering  
bay,  
The sparrow's song fills the enchanted air.

Sweet, when you turn your lovely eyes on  
me

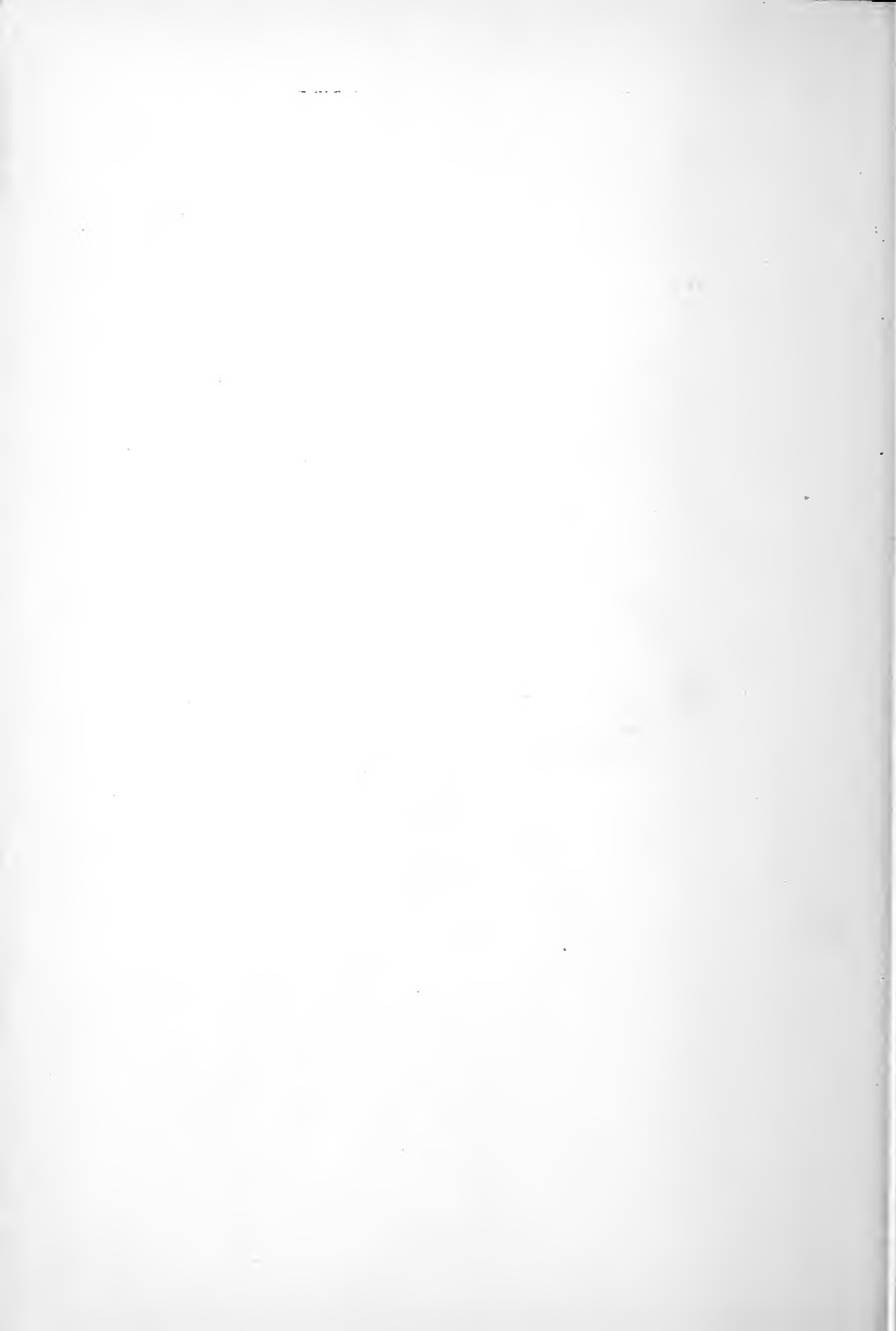
I feel the winter's sorrow disappear,  
As dawn divine makes glad a storm-swept  
sea !

You are my Sun, my Song, my Summer,  
Dear.





THE OLD CHURCH ON STAR ISLAND

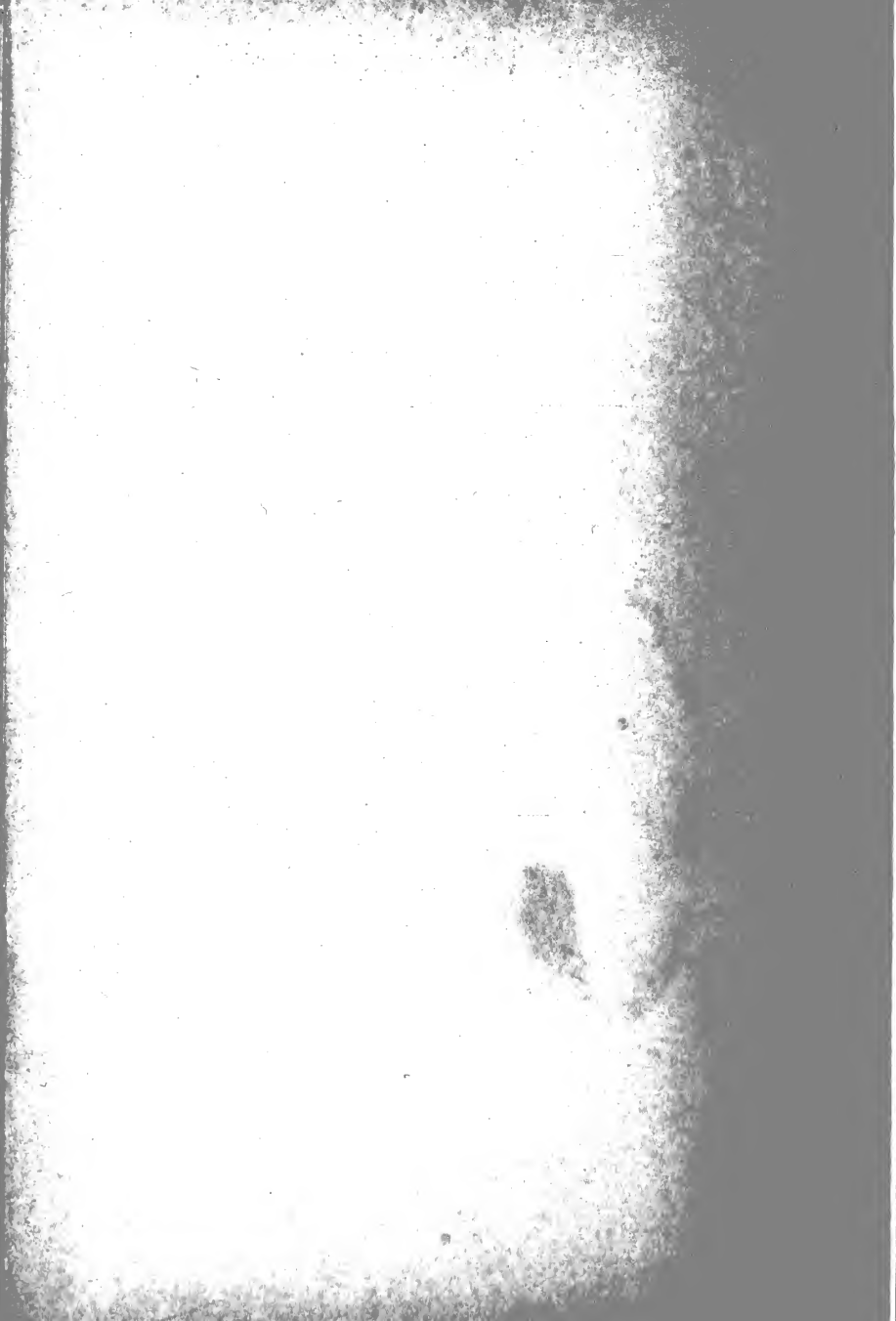


## SONG

THE clover blossoms kiss her feet,  
    She is so sweet.  
While I, who may not kiss her hand,  
Bless all the wild flowers in the land.

Soft sunshine falls across her breast,  
    She is so blest.  
I'm jealous of its arms of gold,  
O, that these arms her form might fold!

Gently the breezes kiss her hair,  
    She is so fair.  
Let flowers and sun and breeze go by, —  
O dearest! love me, or I die.





A CORNER OF MRS. THAXTER'S PARLOR





## AT SUNSET

COME thou with me, dear love, and see the  
day

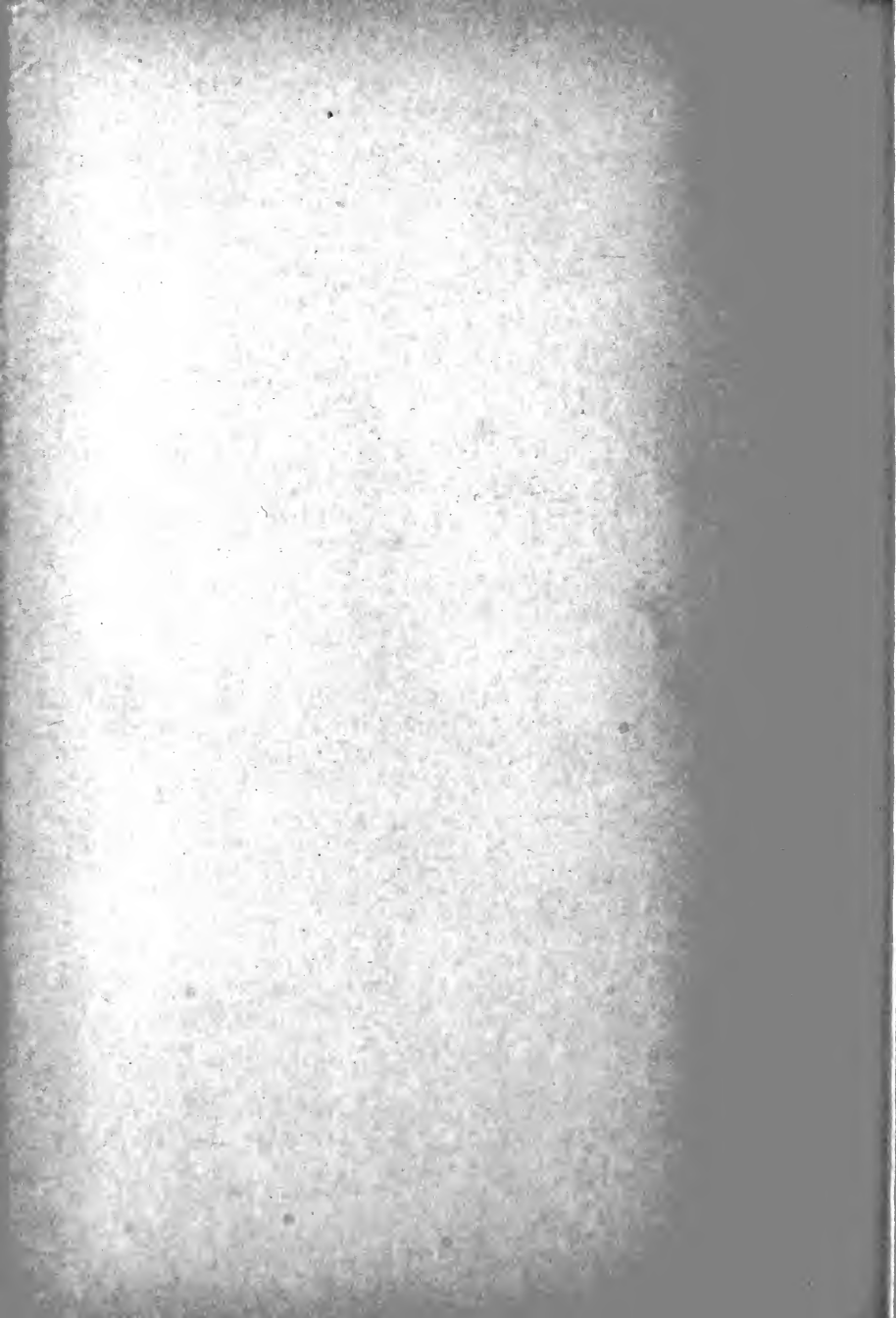
Die on the sea, and o'er the distant land  
This last faint glow of twilight fade away,  
The while I hold in mine thy gentle hand.

The lessening light gleams on yon leaning  
sail ;

Slowly the sun has sunk beyond the hill,  
And sombre night in silence draws her veil  
Over us two, and everything grows still,

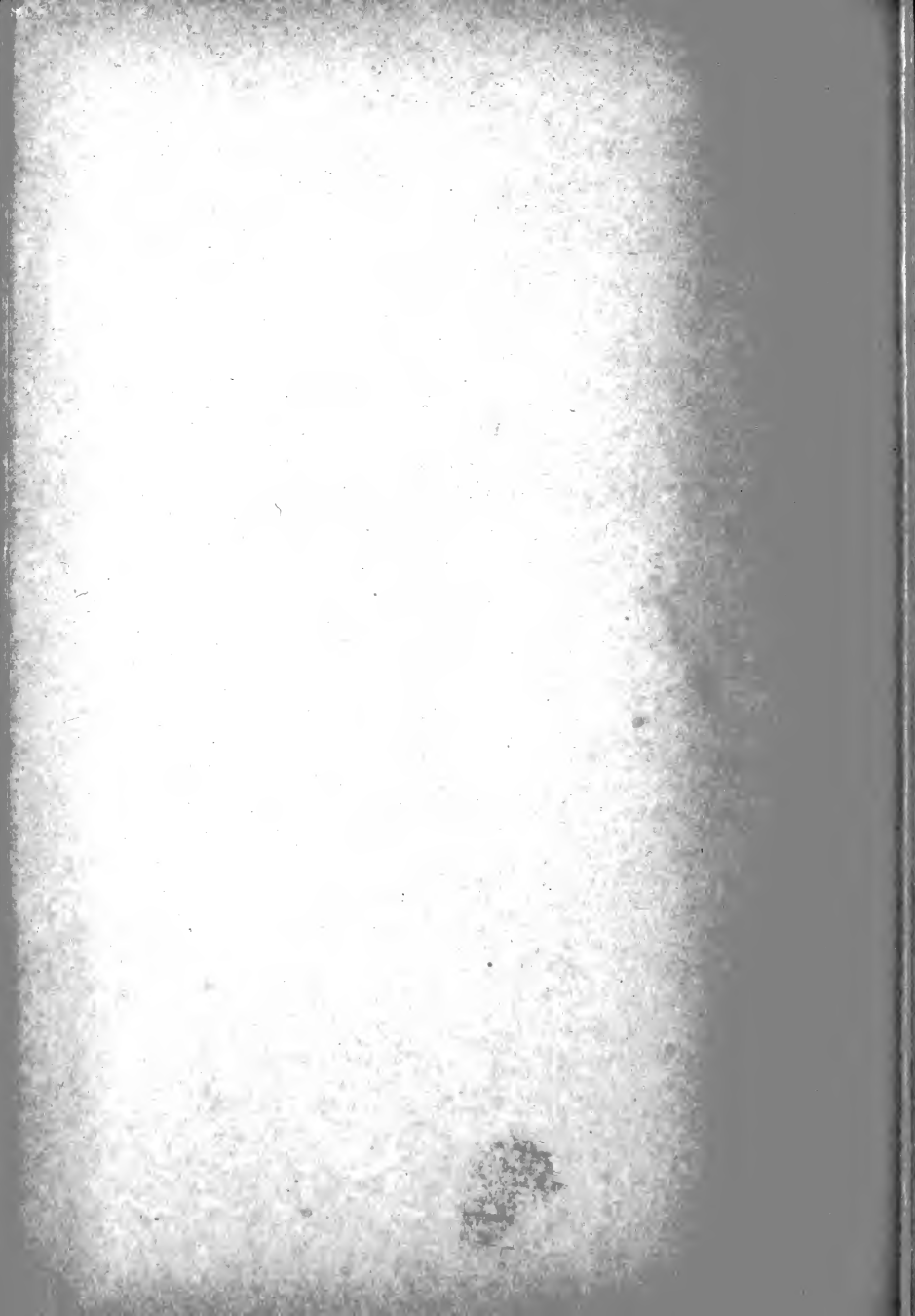
Save when the tide, with constant ebb and  
flow

Of wandering waves that greet the stead-  
fast shore  
Flashes fair forms of foam that falling throw  
Their arms of snow round lovely Apple-  
dore.





CELIA THAXTER'S COTTAGE

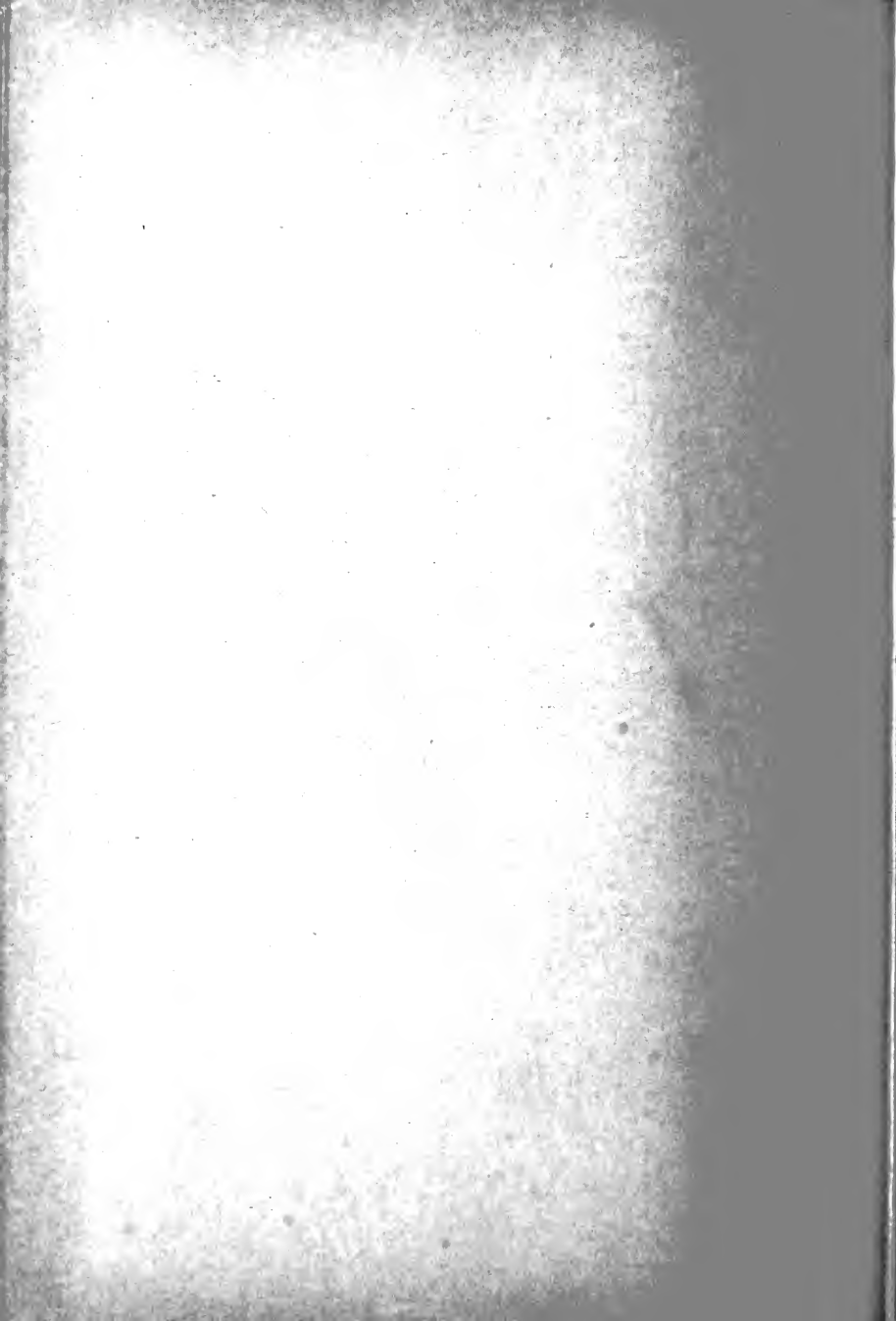


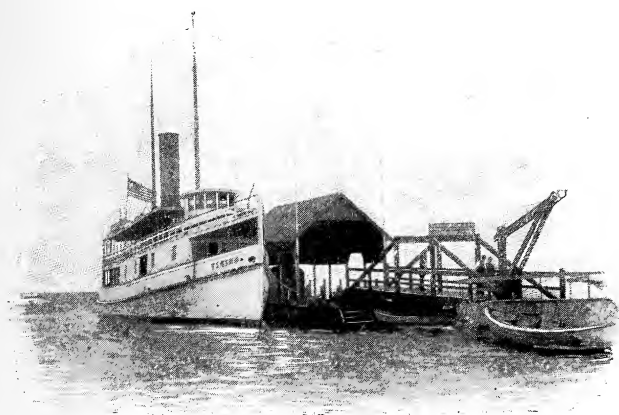
## AT SUNSET

Faint, like a dream, comes the melodious cry  
Of far-off wild fowl calling from the deep,  
The rosy color leaves the western sky,  
Over the waves are spread the wings of  
sleep.

Silent a meteor falls into the night  
Sweeping its silver shower across the  
stars ;  
Low down Arcturus sinks with waning light,  
High in the east climbs up the shining  
Mars.

And whispering by us with a silent kiss  
Comes the sweet south wind o'er the  
slumbering sea.  
Thou dearest, can such perfect joy as this  
Be always mine, to drift through life with  
thee ?





THE LANDING AT APPLIEDORE





## HER SHAWL

DEAREST, where art thou? In the silent  
room

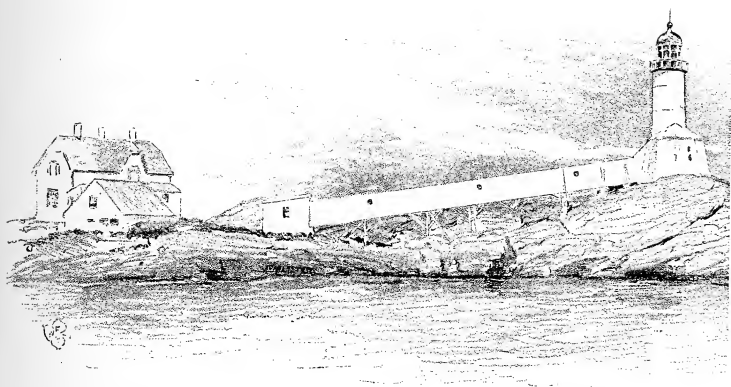
I find this wonder of some foreign loom,  
Thy silken shawl, whose lines of loveliness  
The matchless beauty of thy form caress.  
Delicate raiment, shall I dare infold  
All these warm kisses mid thy threads of  
gold?

Oh, hold them close her icy heart above,  
Melting its winter into summer's love!  
Beneath her coldness fonder still I grow,  
As violets bloom along the edge of snow.  
Through my sad heart there drifts a hope  
divine,

O'er seas storm-swept shall softer mornings  
shine;

So love may dawn for me while at thy feet  
I wait, and kiss thy garment's hem, my  
sweet.





WHITE ISLAND LIGHT

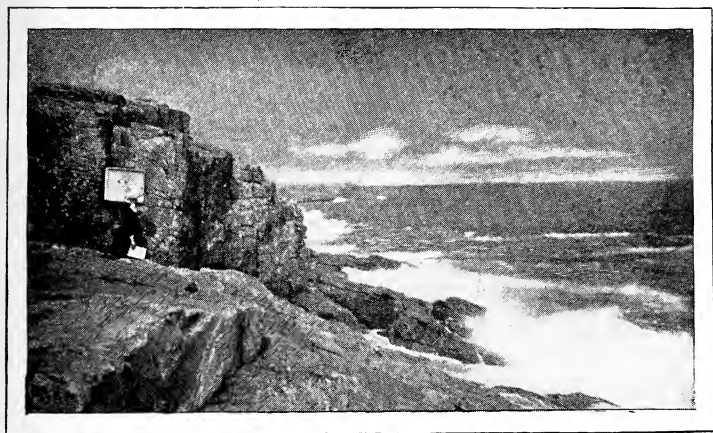


## TO MARY

SWEET are these flowers, yet Mary is more  
fair ;

Shaded with goldenrod her sun-kissed hair.  
I look in her blue eyes and can forget  
The Heaven reflected in this violet —  
Or, sweeter still, behold the lovely grace  
Of this fair dawn of roses in her face  
Fresh as the first anemones that swing  
Their tinted petals in the winds of Spring.  
O storms of life, that bend us all like reeds,  
Spare this dear lily blooming o'er the weeds !  
O time, that all her unknown future holds,  
Make soft the gales while this sweet bud  
unfolds,  
So she may grow like wild flowers in our  
land,  
Pure as these blossoms in her gentle hand.





MISS UNDERHILL'S CHAIR, STAR ISLAND



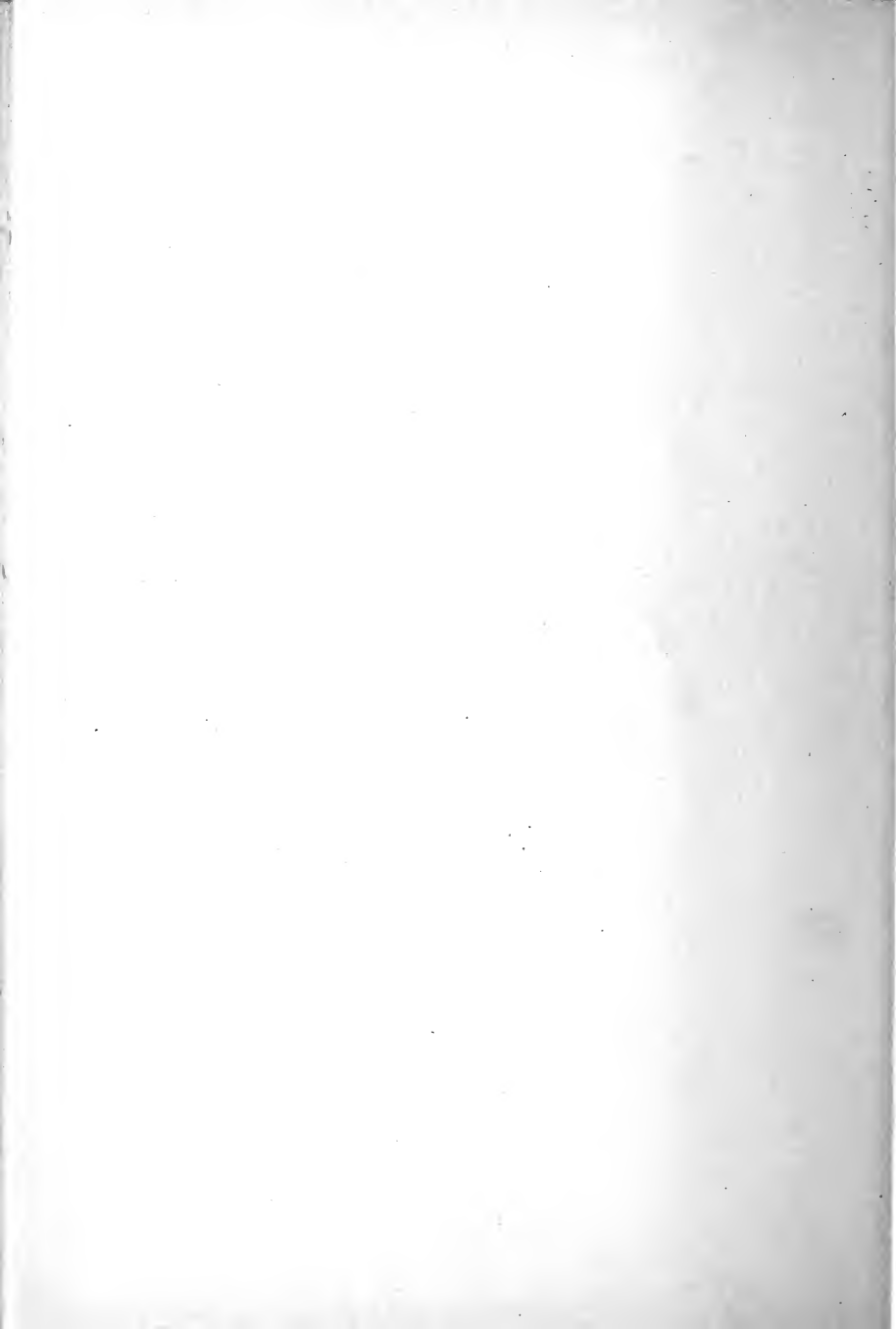


## SONG

A STORM is gathering in the air,  
The gulls fly high in circles wide,  
Deep murmurs usher in the tide  
That foams o'er rocks all brown and bare.

These Precious Isles are rough and fast,  
And swept by many a northeast gale  
That rends the bolt rope from the sail,  
And breaks in twain the groaning mast!

O love, my heart is like the sea,  
Surging with every gale that blows,  
Longing for winds that bring the rose,  
The happy summer-time and thee.



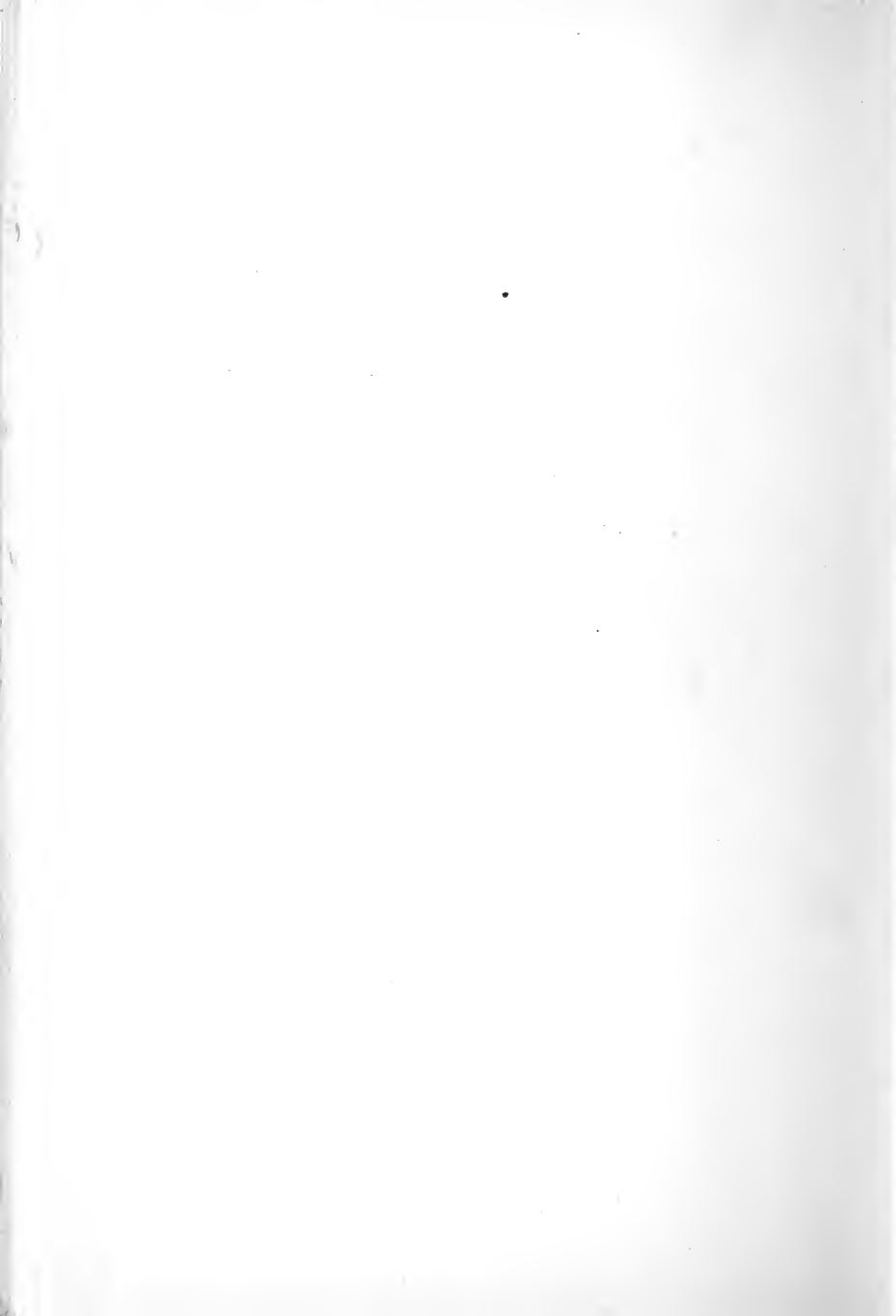


THE CHILDREN'S POND AT APPLIEDORE



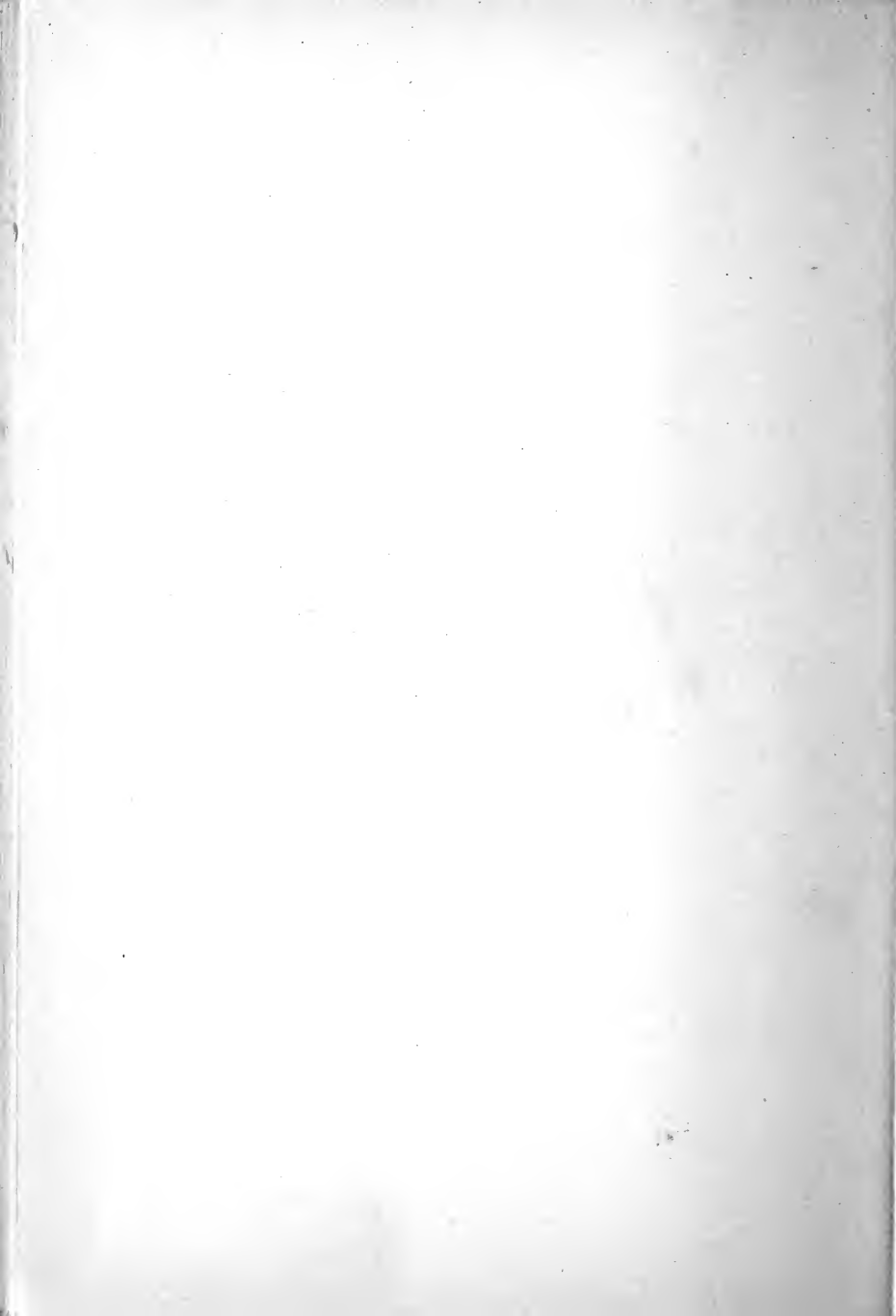
## ALICE PIERREPONT

ABOVE her grave the sparrow sings  
With radiant joy, summer is near,  
Fresh hope the lovely south wind brings;  
Oh, could it wake you, Alice, dear!  
Once more I see her matchless grace  
Through tears I cannot yet restrain;  
Dear visions of her blessed face,  
I hear her gentle voice again!  
O memory of a woman sweet,  
So true, so beautiful and brave,  
Let me draw near with reverent feet  
And lay these wild flowers on thy grave,  
The first anemones that sway  
Their blossoms in the winds of May.

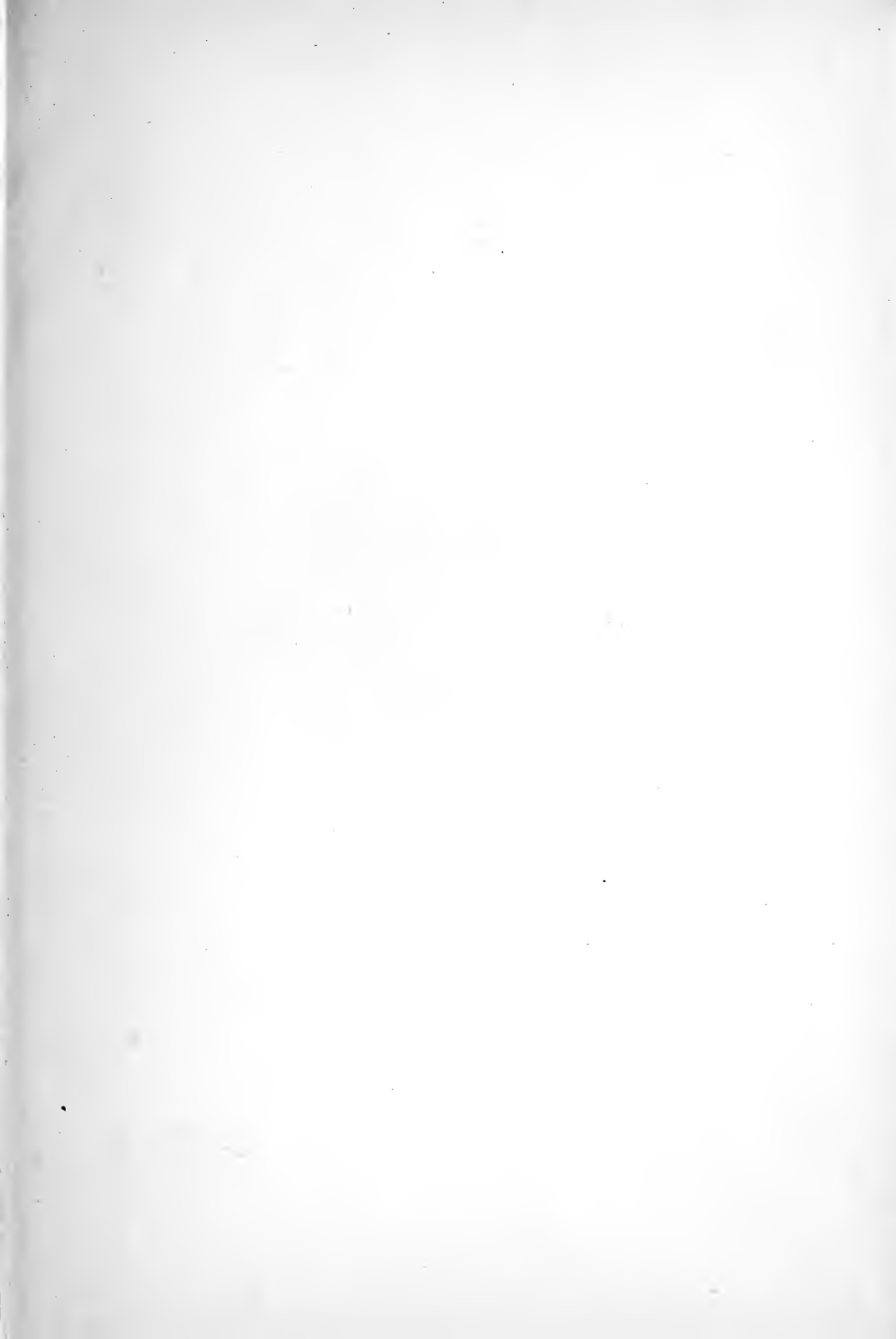




HAULING UP THE BOATS FOR THE WINTER



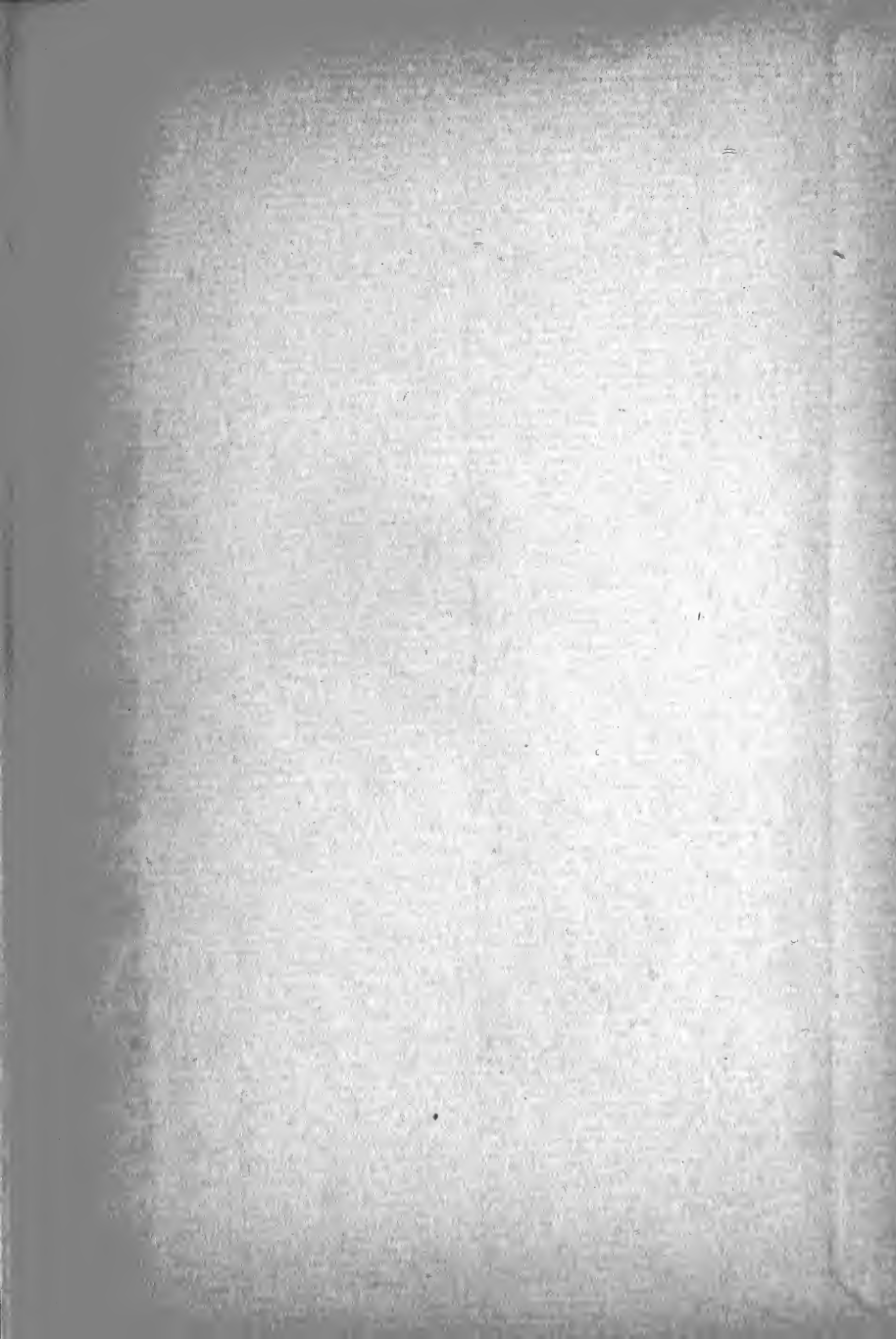








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